

too simply as "private individuals." But the gentlemen preach in England? Were they missionaries—and very fit ones—of the Christian United States, and therefore public teachers of such morality and religion as can be found in the prominent churches at home? It is strange that the Abolitionists in this country to warn them that a certain man coming among them as a teacher, arguēs or refuses, here among ourselves, to live a Christian life; and surely, to whom the warning comes, has a right to demand that he claims Christian fellowship and hospitalities really be what he professes, or is one of those who profess Christianity and yet are not of Christianity duty is less than his reverence for his prejudice, and his fear of condemnation. Doubtless the power of thistles

Poetry.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard.
THE FEELING HEART.
(TO A FRIEND.)

Oh! there are hearts that beat alone
Under the music of kind words;
The harshness of a look or tone,
Is anguish to their trembling souls.

And from the world's unfeeling state,
Wherein light scorn, or hate appears,
They shrank and, from despair
Find refuge and relief in tears.

Life unto them seems a chain
Of sacrifices linked together—
A day of more dark clouds and rain,
Than clear and fair sun-shine weather.

Though sometimes it seems a gloom
Of endlessness, and wearying hours,
And blessed hope and love diffuse,
Through all their yearning loneliness.

If they have trials deeper far
Than other, older hearts may know,
The light that fills joy's cheerful star,
Oh! bath for them a brighter glow.

This thou hast known, my faithful friend,
In what of time hath wandered by,
And shall thou its happiness end,
For all thy tender sympathy.

And what if 'mid the scenes of earth,
Our grief and anguish may be keen,
If buds from them are started forth,
Whose sweets shall fill another scene?

The heart heaped in sorrow here,
By woes, and stern affliction worn,
Is foster for that glorious morn,
Whose day is one Eternal Morn.

The mind unwearied by sympathy
For suffering in its earthly track,
May either like a frozen sea,
But never let Heaven's image back!

It is the soul of tenderness
And woe, which feels another's pain;
That sorrows poor unloved children,
And pleads for the wronged in chains.

The records of his actions bear
The names of those whose hearts are kind—
Love banished! Grief everywhere—
Unto the low, All Power is blind.

It is the Pioneer of Right—
Clear for his march the lonely way,
And heathen through every moral field,
The best and barren of the day.

From Mother's Poems.
THE EXPATRIATED.
No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me.

The forest is tedious;
He knows leaves fall—
Chimed and withered, they die
Like willow flowers all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is served;
No hand meets the pillow
For the wanderer's head.

Strangely measures his way,
And alas are the cold days
That wish him—good bye.

Good day! I am grateful
For such gentle parting,
Thou canst be the best
Of that moment of parting.

Yet I clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame?
Good day! wholesome diet,
A proud thank to thee.

Now the sun dawns his glories
Below the blue sea,
And no star is splendor
Dresses worthy of me.

The path I must travel,
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Swave in hate.

My country! my country!
Thou seest me down to be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cries for thee to be.

Still in fancy I linger
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly—
And, O! it bled free,
When I led you to glory
Thy proud chivalry;

And, O! it bled free
Thy proud chivalry;
And, O! it bled free
Thy proud chivalry;

From the Dublin Nation.
OUR FAITH.
The slave may seek of his toil,
And at his task repine—
Tossing and turning, and
Until he reach the mine;

No toil will make the brave man quail,
No time his patience try,
And if he use the word "to fail,"
He only means—"to die."

What is a year in work like ours?
The prudent ever planned—
To stay Oppression's withering powers,
And free our native land!

Oh! many a year we bravely past,
And many a year we lost,
If blessings such as these be lost,
We purchased at their cost!

Not on the harvest Freedom's yield,
"Twill last for aye; but
If those who till her glorious fields,
Be steadfast, brave, and strong;

Shall we, then, hopelessly complain,
Because its growth is slow,
When thousands die for the grain
It ripened, which they sow?

Miscellaneous.

MARIE;

Slavery in the United States.

BY JULIETTE DE BEAUMONT.
Author of *Travels in Italy, and in the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily*, &c.

(Translated for the Standard.)

CHAPTER I.

The Trial in Continuation.

"The departure of George threw me again into dejection, and disgust of life. To part with a friend during the days of misfortune, to lose the one that strengthens our weakness—the ray of light—sole joy of a gloomy dungeon, whose withdrawal leaves the captive to the horrors of darkness."

"The end of my trial approached. Only two months, and I should again behold the daughter of Nature; but how great was the change that had taken place in my soul since my departure from Baltimore!"

"The love of Marie was still the grand interest of my life; but I no longer felt my soul alone. I still looked forward to happiness in the future, but I no longer anticipated that future of boundless happiness that the stars had brought before me. There is, in youthful love, that sincere trust in the future that laughs at the idea of disaster, and which a brief trial cannot shake or disperse. During my illness, I could with difficulty admit that I should find any bitterness mingled in the cup of life, or that I should be obliged to thank God, in the bitter choice of life."

"My heart was still Marie, but my life was no longer inseparable from her; that I threatened me. My inquietude sprang up afresh, my sufferings became more severe, and even hesitation dared to present itself again."

"A singular mental process took place within me; the approach of my union with my beloved, terrified me, and yet the same hour, and my anticipation was followed by an overwhelming burden."

"I felt myself consumed by the burning fever of desire, meditation, and hope. I was no longer abandoned as conceived, succeeded each other in my thoughts. I was at the same time the prey of an overpowering sluggishness, and of a moral activity, which gave my mind a constant agitation. What I endured was not that uncertainty of mind which feels that it is about to be disappointed, but the means of supplying them, and which, for want of aliment, devoured itself—my passions looked straight at their goal; my faith, my hope, and my suffering, was fixed. But I did not even possess the resource of the wretched who are occupied by their actual misery; I was in present possession of nothing but my ennui, my patience, and my anticipation."

"I fixed my eyes on the gloomy future, and essayed, but in vain, to penetrate into the distance, a mass of mingled good and ill."

"I could not love Marie without happiness, nor live in America as a woman with a woman, without a frightful suffering. But what would be the result of the trial, as compared with the pleasure? How was this division of good and evil fortune to be made? Would not the weight of ill exceed our strength? Would heaven send us at intervals, a calm bright day, and then a storm, and give us repose from the shocks of the hurricane?"

"In looking at the distant boundaries of the horizon, that my reveries had greedily extended, I sought for some cheering light; but, alas! I most frequently saw only sad and gloomy shadows. My weakness, I bent under discouragement; then, again, rising, I raised my head, I asked myself if there were things which hung over the future, might not be exercised."

"In the midst of these alternations of strength and infirmity, of courage and despair, a great thought struck me. I rose from my bed, and I came before me with enthusiasm, and reanimated in my bosom the half-extinguished flame of my earlier hopes."

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

accents were heard above their heads; and cutting their eyes towards the summit of the rock at the foot of which they were seated, they saw a group of Indian women, standing in a circle, making preparations for a funeral ceremony. The attention of the travellers was attracted by the scene, and as the recital being interrupted, they both looked in silence towards the spot.

"The recital of the misdeeds of these women, and the pious duty that they were fulfilling, were in commemoration of a sad catastrophe which had recently occurred in this solitude, the circumstances of which were as follows:—

Not far from Ludovic's cottage, lived Mantoo, an Indian hunter of the Ottawa tribe, who had married while yet very young, a girl named Oneda, but who quitted not only for the beauty of her features, but still more for the goodness of her heart. Nothing could equal her tenderness for her husband, who cherished and loved her alone, contrary to the Indian custom of taking several wives. [Here followed a note on the North American Indians, which was as follows:—Some years ago, during which nothing troubled the course of this happy union. Never had savage life produced two happier beings than Oneda and Mantoo.]

Mantoo was renowned in his tribe as a skillful hunter, and a brave warrior. He was a Christian, and did not look with a jealous eye on the happiness of Oneda; and not a mother who was not ambitious to secure for her daughter, a protector in the first place, and the price of her own safety, represented to him that a brilliant prospect was before him—that the Ottawa tribe was rich, and which a brief trial cannot shake or disperse. During my illness, I could with difficulty admit that I should find any bitterness mingled in the cup of life, or that I should be obliged to thank God, in the bitter choice of life."

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of our organs, who shall cry shame on Louisiana, should she resort upon their ships."

"Another speaker, who stimulated the speaker, who rushed into a vehement relation of several other abolition outrages, which led to certain words of Southern agents, and to a general expression of vindictive frenzy spread among the company; fresh drinks were called in: "Lynchings" was a second time the name of the next speaker, and cases of punishment under that summary code were repeated, continued and gloated on with a savage enjoyment, which promised a rough fight for the next speaker, but which was easily quelled by any of the party."

"During this time the Colonel, though evidently of kindred sentiment with the speakers, had preserved his equanimity; he smoked his cigar deliberately, listened to the different speakers with an assenting smile, or, may be, he was, just so, Doctor."

"A 'Quite correct, gentlemen!' but, finally, after relation of a retaining capture and execution under a horridly exciting circumstance, he, in mid tones, and with an aspect that indicated anything but ferocity, signified his intention to relate 'a little circumstance' himself."

"I'm not a passionate man, gentlemen," said he, drawing up his legs slowly, and adjusting his vast bulk in the chair: "I'm rather a calm man, and apt to be moderate in my expressions of opinion. I'm a lawyer, so, for all that, I had a little case of my own with one of those abolition gentlemen once, and I was obliged to go to the law, and the price of my own safety, represented to him that a brilliant prospect was before him—that the Ottawa tribe was rich, and which a brief trial cannot shake or disperse. During my illness, I could with difficulty admit that I should find any bitterness mingled in the cup of life, or that I should be obliged to thank God, in the bitter choice of life."

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